

The fiscal town meeting place next Wednesday, May 6 o'clock. This meeting is for the purpose of ordering the necessary for the support of the school to highways and defraying the expenses of the town. This was ordered by the state so there not being time to attend the business at the April term, on account of the late Australian system taking up of the time.

The summer term of schools, in Portsmouth, will next Monday.



## PHANTOM RICKSHAW.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I was to dine with the Manneringes that night and had barely time to change from my day dress. On the road to Elysium hill I overheard two men talking together in the dusk. "It's a curious thing," said one, "how completely all trace of it disappeared. You know my wife was in the study of the woman—never could see anything in her myself—and wanted me to pick up her old rickshaw and collect if they were to be got for love or money. Marjorie sort of fancy I call it, but I've got to do what the manish folk say. Would you believe that the man she hired it from tells me that all four of the men—they were brothers—died of cholera on the way to Hardwar, poor devils, and the rickshaw had been broken up by the man himself? Told me he never used a dead man's rickshaw. Spoiled his luck. Queer notion, wasn't it? Fancy poor little Mrs. Westington spoiling any one's luck except her own!" I laughed at him at this point, and my laugh faded on me as I uttered it. So there were ghosts of rickshaws, after all, and ghostly employments in the other world! How much did Mrs. Westington give her men? What were their hours? Where did they go?

And for visible answer to my last question I saw the infernal thing blocking my path in the twilight. The dead travel fast and by short cuts unknown to ordinary souls. I laughed aloud at a second time and checked my laughter suddenly, for I was afraid I was going mad. Mad to a certain extent I must have been, for I recollect that I rushed in my horse at the head of the rickshaw and politely wished Mrs. Westington "Good evening." Her answer was one I knew only too well. I listened to the end and replied that I had heard it all before, but should be delighted if she had anything further to say. Some malignant devil stronger than I must have entered into me that evening, for I have a dim recollection of talking the commonplace of the day for five minutes to the thing in front of me.

"Mad as a hatter, poor devil, or drunk! Max, try and get him to come home."

Surely that was not Mrs. Westington's voice! The two men had overheard me speaking to the empty air and had returned to look after me. They were very kind and considerate, and from their words evidently gathered that I was extremely drunk. I thanked them confusedly and cantered away to my hotel, there changed and arrived at the Manneringes' ten minutes late. I pleaded the darkness of the night as an excuse, was rebuked by Kitty for my unlovely tardiness and sat down.

The conversation had already become general, and under cover of it I was addressing some tender small talk to my sweetheart when I was aware that at the further end of the table a short, red-whiskered man was describing, with much broodiness, his encounter with a mad unknown that evening.

A few sentences convinced me that he was repeating the incident of half an hour ago. In the middle of the story he looked round for applause, as professional story tellers do, caught my eye and straightway collapsed. There was a moment's awkward silence, and the red-whiskered man uttered something to the effect that he had "forgotten the rest," thereby sacrificing a reputation as a good story teller which he had built up for six seasons past. I blessed him from the bottom of my heart and went on with my fish.

In the fullness of time that dinner came to an end, and with genuine regret I tore myself away from Kitty, as certain as I was of my own existence that it would be awaiting for me outside the door. The red-whiskered man, who had been introduced to me as Dr. Heatherleigh of Simla, volunteered to bear me company as far as our roads lay together. I accepted his offer with gratitude.

My instinct had not deceived me. It lay in readiness in the hall and in what seemed devilish mockery of our ways, with a lighted head lamp. The red-whiskered man went to the point at once in a manner that showed he had been thinking over it all dinner time.

"I say, Pansy, what the deuce was the matter with you this evening on the Elysium road?" The suddenness of the question wrenched an answer from me before I was aware.

"That!" said I, pointing to it. "That may be either D. T. or eyes for aught I know. Now you don't liquor. I saw as much at dinner. So it can't be D. T. There's nothing whatever where you're pointing, though you're sweating and trembling with fright like a scared pony. Therefore I conclude that it's eyes. And I ought to understand all about it. Come along home with me. Then on the Blessington lower road."

To my intense delight the rickshaw, instead of waiting for me, kept about 20 yards ahead—and this, too, whether we walked, trotted or cantered. In the course of that long night ride I had told my companion almost as much as I have told you here.

"Well, you've spoiled one of the best tales I've ever laid tongue to," said he, "but I'll forgive you for the sake of what you've gone through. Now, come home and do what I tell you, and when I've ended you, young man, let this be a lesson to you to steer clear of women and infernal folk till the day of your death."

And all that's French for a liver pill. I'll take sole medical charge of you from this hour, for you're too interesting a phenomenon to be passed over."

By this time we were deep in the shadow of the Blessington lower road, and the rickshaw came to a dead stop under a pine-clad, overhanging shale cliff. Instinctively I halted, too, giving my reason. Heatherleigh rapped out an oath.

"Now, if you think I'm going to spend a cold night on the hillside for the sake of a stomach-ennui-brain-ennui-illusion—Lord, ha! mercy! What's that?"

There was a muffled report, a blinding smother of dust just in front of us, a crack, the noise of rent boughs, and about ten yards of the effluvia—pines, undergrowth and all—slit down into the road below, completely blocking it up. The uprooted trees swayed and tottered for a moment like drunken giants in the gloom and then fell prone among their fellows with a thunderous crash. Our two horses stood motionless and sweating with fear. As soon as the rattle of falling earth and stone had subsided my companion muttered: "Man, if we'd gone forward we should have been ten feet deep in our graves by now. There are more things in heaven and earth. . . . Come home, Pansy, and thank God. I want a peg badly."

We retraced our way over the church ridge, and I arrived at Dr. Heatherleigh's house shortly after midnight.

His attempts toward my cure commenced almost immediately, and for a week I never left his sight. Many a time in the course of that week did I bless the good fortune which had thrown me in contact with Simla's best and kindest doctor. Day by day my spirits grew lighter and more equable. Day by day, too, I became more and more inclined to fall in with Heatherleigh's "spectral illusion" theory. Impatience, eyes, brain and stomach. I wrote to Kitty, telling her that a slight sprain caused by a fall from my horse kept me indoors for a few days, and that I should be recovered before she had time to regret my absence.

Heatherleigh's treatment was simple to a degree. It consisted of liver pills, cold water baths and strong exercise, taken in the dusk or at early dawn, for, as he sagely observed, "A man with a sprained ankle doesn't walk a dozen miles a day, and your young woman might be wondering if she saw you."

At the end of the week, after much examination of pupil and pulse and strict injunctions as to diet and posturism, Dr. Heatherleigh dismissed me as brusquely as he had taken charge of me. Here is his parting benediction: "Man, I certify to your mental care, and that's as much as to say I've cured most of your bodily ailments. Now, your caps out of this as soon as you can and be off to make love to Miss Kitty."

I was endeavoring to express my thanks for his kindness. He cut me short.

"Don't think I did this because I like you. I gather that you've behaved like a blackguard all through. But all the same, you're a phenomenon and a queer phenomenon as you are a blackguard. No," checking me a second time, "not a rascal, please. Go out and see if you can find the eyes, brain and stomach business again. I'll give you a lac for each time you see it."

Half an hour later I was in the Manneringes' drawing room with Kitty, drunk with the intoxication of present happiness and the foreknowledge that I should never more be troubled with its hideous presence. Strong in the sense of my new found security, I proposed a ride at once and by preference a canter round Jakkho.

Never had I felt so well, so overladen with vitality and mere animal spirits, as I did on the afternoon of the 30th of April. Kitty was delighted at the change in my appearance and complimented me on it in her delightfully frank and outspoken manner. We left the Manneringes' house together, laughing and talking, and cantered along the Chota Simla road as of old.

I was in haste to reach the Sanjowlie reservoir and there make my assurance doubly sure. The horses did their best, but seemed all too slow to my impatient mind. Kitty was astonished at my boisterousness. "Why, Jack," she cried at last, "you are behaving like a child! What are you doing?"

We were just below the convent, and from sheer wantonness I was making my waler plunge and canter across the road as it tickled it with the loop of my riding whip.

"Doing?" I answered. "Nothing, dear. That's just it. If you'd been doing nothing for a week except lie up, you'd be as vicious as I."

"Singing and morming in your festal mirth."

Joying to feel yourself alive! Lord over nature, Lord of the visible earth, Lord of the unseen!

My quotation was hardly out of my lips before we had rounded the corner above the convent, and a few yards farther on could see across to Sanjowlie. In the center of the level road stood the black and white liveries, the yellow paneled rickshaw and Mrs. Keith-Westington. I pulled up, looked, rubbed my eyes, and, I believe, must have said something. The next thing I knew was that I was lying face downward on the road, with Kitty kneeling above me in tears.

"Has it gone, child?" I gasped. Kitty only wept more bitterly.

"Has what gone, Jack, dear? What does it all mean? There must be a mistake somewhere. Jack—a hideous mistake!" The last words brought me to my feet—mad—raving for the time being.

"Yes, there is a mistake somewhere. I repeated, 'a hideous mistake.' Come and look at it!"

I have an indistinct idea that I dragged Kitty by the wrist along the road up to where it stood and implored her for pity's sake to speak to it—to tell it that we were betrothed; that neither death nor hell could break the tie between us, and Kitty only knows how much more to the same effect. Now and again I appealed passionately to the terror in the rickshaw to bear witness to all I had said and to release me from a torture that was killing me. As I talked I suppose I must have told Kitty of my old relations with Mrs. Westington, for I saw her listen intently with white face and blazing eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Pansy," she said. "That's quite enough. Spare your lungs. The eyes, impassive as orientals always are, had come up with the recapturing horses, and as Kitty sprang into her saddle I caught hold of the bridle, entreating her to bear me out and forgive me. My answer was the cut of her riding whip across my face from mouth to eye and a word or two of farewell that even now I cannot write down. So I judged, and judged rightly, that Kitty knew all, and I staggered back to the side of the rickshaw. My face was cut and bleeding, and the blow of the riding whip had raised a livid blue wheel on it. I had no self respect. Just then Heatherleigh, who must have been following Kitty and me at a distance, cantered up.

"Doctor," I said, pointing to my face, "here's Miss Mannering's signature to my order of dismissal. I'll thank you for that lac as soon as convenient."

Heatherleigh's face, even in my abject misery, moved me to laughter. "I'll stake my professional reputation on it," he began.

"Don't be a fool," I whispered. "I've lost my life's happiness, and you'd better take me home."

As I spoke the rickshaw was gone. Then I lost all knowledge of what was passing. The crest of Jakkho seemed to heave and roll like the crest of a cloud, and fall in upon me.

Seven days later (on the 7th of May, that is to say) I was aware that I was lying in Heatherleigh's room as weak as a little child. Heatherleigh was watching me intently from behind the papers on his writing table. His first words were not encouraging, but I was too far spent to be much moved by them.

"Here's Miss Kitty has sent back your letters. You corresponded a good deal, you young people. Here's a packet that looks like a ring and a cheerful sort of a note from Mannering papa, which I've taken the liberty of reading, and burning. The old gentleman's not pleased with you."

"And Kitty?" I asked dully.

"Rather more drawn than her father from what she says. By the same token you must have been letting out any number of queer reminiscences just before I met you. Says that a man who would have behaved to a woman as you did to Mrs. Westington ought to kill himself 'out of sheer pity for his kind.' She's a hot-headed little virago, you know. Will have it, too, that you were suffering from D. T. when that row on the Jakkho road turned up. Says she'll die before she ever speaks to you again."

I groaned and turned over on the other side.

"Now you've got your choice, my friend. This engagement has to be broken off, and the Manneringes don't want to be too hard on you. Was it broken through D. T. or epileptic fits? Sorry I can't offer you a better exchange unless you'd prefer hereditary insanity. Say the word, and I'll tell 'em it's all Simla knows about that scene on the Ladies' side. Come! I'll give you five minutes to think over it."

During those five minutes I believe that I explored thoroughly the lowest circles of the inferno which it is permitted man to tread on earth. And at the same time I myself was watching myself faltering through the dark labyrinth of doubt, misery and utter despair. I wondered, as Heatherleigh in his chair might have wondered, which dreadful alternative I should adopt. Presently I heard myself answering in a voice that I hardly recognized:

"They're comfoundedly particular about morality in these parts. Give 'em five. Heatherleigh, and my love. Now let me sleep a bit longer."

Then my two selves joined, and it was only I (half crazed, devil driven) that tossed in my bed, tracing step by step the history of the past month.

"But I am in Simla," I kept repeating to myself. "I Jack Pansy, on in Simla, and there are no ghosts here. It's unreasonable of that woman to pretend there are. Why couldn't Agnes have left me alone? I never did her any harm. It might just as well have been me as Agnes. Only I'd never have come back on purpose to kill her. Why can't I be left alone—left alone and happy?"

It was high noon when I first awoke, and the sun was low in the sky before I slept—slept as the tortured criminal sleeps on his rack, too worn to feel further pain.

Next day I could not leave my bed. Heatherleigh told me in the morning that he had received an answer from Mr. Mannering, and that, thanks to his (Heatherleigh's) friendly offices, the story of my affliction had traveled through the length and breadth of Simla, where I was on all sides much pitied.

"And that's rather more than you deserve," he concluded pleasantly, "though the Lord knows you've been going through a pretty severe trial. Never mind. We'll cure you yet, you perverse phenomenon."

I declined finally to be cured. "You have been much too good to me already, old man," said I. "I don't think I need trouble you further."

In my heart I knew that nothing Heatherleigh could do, and lighten the burden that had been laid upon me.

With that knowledge came also a sense of hopeless, impatient rebellion against the unreasonableness of it all. There were scores of men no better than I whose penitence had at least been reserved for another world, and I felt that it was utterly, utterly unfair that I alone should have to be singled out for so hideous a fate. "I'm moved now in time give place to another and I were seated that the rickshaw and I were the only realities in a world of shadows; that Kitty was a ghost; that Mannering, Heatherleigh and all the other men and women I knew were all ghosts, and

in broad daylight when I went calling. Save that it cast no shadow, the rickshaw was in every respect as real to look upon as one of wood and iron. More than once indeed I have had to check myself from warning some hard riding friend against cantering over it. More than once I have walked down the main deep in conversation with Mrs. Westington to the unspeakable amazement of the passers-by.

Before I had been out and about a week I learned that the "fit" theory had been discarded in favor of insanity. However, I made no change in my mode of life. I called, rode and dined out as freely as ever. I had a passion for the society of my kind which I had never felt before. I hungered to be among the realities of life, and at the same time I felt vaguely unhappy when I had been separated too long from my ghostly companion. It would be almost impossible to describe my varying moods from the 15th of May up to today.

The presence of the rickshaw filled me by turns with horror, blind fear, a dim sort of pleasure and utter despair. I dared not leave Simla, and I knew that my stay there was killing me. I knew, moreover, that it was my destiny to die slowly and a little every day. My only anxiety was to get the penance over as quietly as might be. Alternately I hungered for a sight of Kitty and watched her outrageous flirtations with my successors—with amused interest. She was as much out of my life as I was out of hers. By day I wandered with Mrs. Westington, almost content. By night I implored heaven to let me return to the world as I used to know it. Above all these varying moods lay the sensation of dull, numbing wonder that the seen and the unseen should mingle so strangely on this earth to bound one poor soul to its grave.

Aug. 27.—Heatherleigh has been infinitely fatigable in his attendance on me, and only yesterday told me that I ought to send in an application for sick leave. An application to escape the company of a phantom! A request that the government would graciously permit me to get rid of five ghosts and an airy rickshaw by going to England! Heatherleigh's proposition moved me to almost hysterical laughter. I told him that I should await the end quietly at Simla, and I am sure that the end is not far off. Believe me that I dread its advent more than any word can say, and I torture myself mightily with a thousand speculations as to the manner of my death.

Shall I die in my bed decently and as an English gentleman should die, or in one last walk on the mall will my soul be wrenched from me to take its place forever and ever by the side of that ghastly phantom? Shall I return to my old lost allegiance in the next world or shall I meet Agnes loathing her and bound to her side through all eternity? Shall we two hover over the scene of our lives till the end of time? As the day of my death draws nearer the intense horror that all living flesh feels toward escaped spirits from beyond the grave grows more and more powerful. It is an awful thing to go down quick among the dead with scarcely one-half of your life completed. It is thousand times more awful to wait as I do in your midst for I know not what unimaginable terror. Pity me at least on the score of my "delusion," for I know you will never believe what I have written here. Yet as surely as ever a man was done to death by the powers of darkness I am that man.

In justice, too, pity her. For as surely as ever woman was killed by man I killed Mrs. Westington. And the last portion of my punishment is even now upon me.

Grandmother's Cold Cream Jar. A writer in the Germantown Telegraph declares that our grandmothers excelled us in dainty trifles. One of the prettiest ornaments on the dresser was an egg. At first sight it looked exactly like an egg from the pantry, for the shell was unpainted; only as one looked at it, she saw that one end was broken. This eggshell was used as a cold cream jar. When minked cold cream, our grandmothers would pour it into an empty shell which had been carefully prepared. After the egg was taken out the shell was washed and sweetened with perfumery, with a few drops left in the bottom. The cold cream was poured in and left to harden. The result was an eggshell full of lovely white cooemete.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

## WOLINE

### WASHING POWDER

Cleans everything that can be cleaned.  
*Laces; Fine Linen; Flannels; Clothes; Dishes; Pots and Pans; Glassware; Woodwork and everything else about the house. Cleans them easily and quickly and thoroughly. A blessing in every household.*  
A cake of pure white Glycerine Soap in every package.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

the great, gray hills themselves but vain shadows devised to torture me. From mood to mood I tossed backward and forward for seven weary days, my body growing daily stronger and stronger, until the bedroom looking glass told me that I had returned to everyday life and was as other men once more. Curiously enough, my face showed no signs of the struggle I had gone through. It was pale indeed, but as expressionless and commonplace as ever. I had expected some permanent alteration—visible evidence of the disease that was eating me away. I found nothing.

On the 15th of May I left Heatherleigh's house at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the instinct of the bachelor drove me to the club. There I found that every man knew my story as told by Heatherleigh, and was, in clumsy fashion, abnormally kind and attentive. Nevertheless I recognized that for the rest of my natural life I should be among but not of my fellows, and I envied very bitterly indeed the laughing coolies on the mall below. I inched at the club and at 4 o'clock wandered aimlessly down the mall in the vague hope of meeting Kitty. Close to the hand stand the black and white liveries joined me, and I heard Mrs. Westington's old appeal at my side. I had been expecting this ever since I came out, and was only surprised at her delay. The phantom rickshaw and I went side by side along the Chota Simla road in silence. Close to the handstand and a man on horseback overtook and passed me. For any sign she gave I might have been a dog in the road. She did not even pay me the compliment of quickening her pace, though the rainy afternoon had served for an excuse.

So Kitty and her companion and I, and my ghostly light of love crept round Jakkho in complex. The road was strewn with water, the pines dripped like red pipes on the rocks below, and the air was full of dust, driving rain. Two or three times I found myself saying to myself almost aloud: "I'm Jack Pansy on leave at Simla! At Simla—everyday, ordinary Simla! I mustn't forget that—I mustn't forget that." Then I would try to recollect some of the gossip I had heard at the club, the prices of Simla's horses—anything, in fact, that related to the workaday Anglo-Indian world I knew so well. I even repeated the multiplication table rapidly to myself, to make quite sure that I was not taking leave of my senses. It gave me much comfort, and must have prevented my hearing Mrs. Westington for a time.

Once more I wearily climbed the conventional slope and entered the level road. Here Kitty and the man started off at a canter, and I was left alone with Mrs. Westington. "Agnes," said I, "will you put back your hood and tell me what it all means?" The hood dropped noiselessly, and I was face to face with my dead and buried mistress. She was wearing the dress in which I had last seen her alive; carried the same tiny handkerchief in her right hand and the same cardcase in her left. A woman eight months dead with a candor I had to pin myself down to the multiplication table and to set both hands on the stone parapet of the road to assure myself that that at least was real.

"Agnes," I repeated, "for pity's sake, tell me what it all means." Mrs. Westington leaned forward, with that odd, quick turn of the head I need to know so well, and spoke.

If my story had not already so madly overleaped the bounds of all human belief, I should apologize to you now. As I know that no one—no, not even Kitty, for whom it is written as some sort of justification of my conduct—will believe me, I will go on. Mrs. Westington spoke, and I walked with her from the Sanjowlie road to the turning below the commander in chief's house as I might walk by the side of any living woman's rickshaw, deep in conversation. The second and most tormenting of my moods of sickness had suddenly laid hold upon me, and, like the prince in Tennyson's poem, "I seemed to move amid a world of ghosts." There had been a garden party at the commander in chief's, and we two joined the crowd of household bound folk. As I saw them then it seemed that they were the shadows—impalpable fantastic shadows—that divided for Mrs. Westington's rickshaw to pass through. What we said during the course of that weird interview I cannot—indeed I dare not—tell. Heatherleigh's comment would have been a short laugh and a remark that I had been "mashing a brain, eye and stomach chimera." It was a ghastly and yet in some indefinable way a marvellously deep experience. Could it be possible, I wondered, that I was in this life to woo a second time the woman I had killed by my own neglect and

erectly?

I met Kitty on the homeward road—a shadow among shadows.

If I were to describe all the incidents of the first fortnight in their order, my story would never come to an end and your patience would be exhausted. Morning after morning and evening after evening the ghostly rickshaw and I used to wander through Simla together. Wherever I went there the four black and white liveries followed me, and bore me company to and from my hotel. At the theater I found them amid the crowd of yelling hippanias; outside the club veranda after a long evening of whist; at the birthday ball, waiting patiently for my appearance,

and in broad daylight when I went calling. Save that it cast no shadow, the rickshaw was in every respect as real to look upon as one of wood and iron. More than once indeed I have had to check myself from warning some hard riding friend against cantering over it. More than once I have walked down the main deep in conversation with Mrs. Westington to the unspeakable amazement of the passers-by.

Before I had been out and about a week I learned that the "fit" theory had been discarded in favor of insanity. However, I made no change in my mode of life. I called, rode and dined out as freely as ever. I had a passion for the society of my kind which I had never felt before. I hungered to be among the realities of life, and at the same time I felt vaguely unhappy when I had been separated too long from my ghostly companion. It would be almost impossible to describe my varying moods from the 15th of May up to today.

The presence of the rickshaw filled me by turns with horror, blind fear, a dim sort of pleasure and utter despair. I dared not leave Simla, and I knew that my stay there was killing me. I knew, moreover, that it was my destiny to die slowly and a little every day. My only anxiety was to get the penance over as quietly as might be. Alternately I hungered for a sight of Kitty and watched her outrageous flirtations with my successors—with amused interest. She was as much out of my life as I was out of hers. By day I wandered with Mrs. Westington, almost content. By night I implored heaven to let me return to the world as I used to know it. Above all these varying moods lay the sensation of dull, numbing wonder that the seen and the unseen should mingle so strangely on this earth to bound one poor soul to its grave.

Aug. 27.—Heatherleigh has been infinitely fatigable in his attendance on me, and only yesterday told me that I ought to send in an application for sick leave. An application to escape the company of a phantom! A request that the government would graciously permit me to get rid of five ghosts and an airy rickshaw by going to England! Heatherleigh's proposition moved me to almost hysterical laughter. I told him that I should await the end quietly at Simla, and I am sure that the end is not far off. Believe me that I dread its advent more than any word can say, and I torture myself mightily with a thousand speculations as to the manner of my death.

Shall I die in my bed decently and as an English gentleman should die, or in one last walk on the mall will my soul be wrenched from me to take its place forever and ever by the side of that ghastly phantom? Shall I return to my old lost allegiance in the next world or shall I meet Agnes loathing her and bound to her side through all eternity? Shall we two hover over the scene of our lives till the end of time? As the day of my death draws nearer the intense horror that all living flesh feels toward escaped spirits from beyond the grave grows more and more powerful. It is an awful thing to go down quick among the dead with scarcely one-half of your life completed. It is thousand times more awful to wait as I do in your midst for I know not what unimaginable terror. Pity me at least on the score of my "delusion," for I know you will never believe what I have written here. Yet as surely as ever a man was done to death by the powers of darkness I am that man.

In justice, too, pity her. For as surely as ever woman was killed by man I killed Mrs. Westington. And the last portion of my punishment is even now upon me.

Grandmother's Cold Cream Jar. A writer in the Germantown Telegraph declares that our grandmothers excelled us in dainty trifles. One of the prettiest ornaments on the dresser was an egg. At first sight it looked exactly like an egg from the pantry, for the shell was unpainted; only as one looked at it, she saw that one end was broken. This eggshell was used as a cold cream jar. When minked cold cream, our grandmothers would pour it into an empty shell which had been carefully prepared. After the egg was taken out the shell was washed and sweetened with perfumery, with a few drops left in the bottom. The cold cream was poured in and left to harden. The result was an eggshell full of lovely white cooemete.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

The tablets are the outcome of years of study, and are compounded of the finest drugs, purely vegetable, they do not grip, produce no reaction. Take one substitute, 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

If you cannot get them at your drug store, send 10 cts. for a package of 12 to the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., New York.

When you awake more tired than when you went to bed, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth, your tongue coated and dry, and having no appetite for breakfast, you are suffering from Dyspepsia.

Numbers of people are suffering seriously from this complaint and its result when one package of U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLETS will bring about a complete cure. A few doses will do more for a Black or Sun Stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Nothing can be used with so much certainty in obstinate cases of Constipation.

## Spring, 1899. INSURANCE













## Poetry.

## Recollection.

BY HARRISON B. DIXON

Dear think I do not care, dear heart,  
Because my life is dull;  
Dear think I do not care, dear heart,  
Because I cannot love;  
Ah, once the darkness had no face,  
Nor silence rose for me;  
But through the gloom, now, every place,  
Your voice thrills a traveler;  
I see your thought in every flower,  
I feel them in the breeze;  
Could I forget, with such a power  
Of haunting memories?  
Could I forget, an sweetheart, not  
Your touch and voice are part  
Of love's one subtle, haunted love  
To my awakened heart?  
In bitter silence, honor bound,  
Dear think my life is dull;  
Because no tender voice is found  
To fill life's golden cup?  
Ah, like a tear on a leaf,  
I may be far away—but, at least,  
You know I long to meet!

—Louisville Courier.

## Selected Tale.

## \$50,000 IN GOLD.

A perfect stranger walked into the Sidcup branch of the London and Manchester bank and asked to see the manager.

"Excuse my troubling you," he said, "but you may be interested to know that there is a scheme on foot for the burglary of this bank. As I happened to be passing, I thought I'd look in and tell you."

The manager, Mr. Julian Foster, expressed his skepticism with appropriate composure.

"My dear sir, a burglary at the London and Manchester bank! You must be dreaming!"

"I hope I am," replied the other. "And, if so, I owe an apology. Anyhow, I'm not rounding on my yale, and I'm not asking money for the information. Fact is, I overheard a conversation in a public house at the corner of the street where I was sitting, and I'm very much interested in the burglary of your bank. I don't want the leading idea of the dialogue."

Mr. Julian Foster, while expressing his gratitude, posthumously the warning. "Still, as I said," the manager continued, "I'm very much obliged to you, and, supposing it should turn out that you have been well informed, the directors would naturally be very glad."

"Never mind about that. I'm not on the make. I only came and told you because I thought you'd like to know. By the way, load up the shotgun and look out!"

He shook hands and hurried off without even troubling to mention his name and address, and Mr. Julian Foster leaned back in his chair and turned the matter over in his mind.

"Hum!" he soliloquized. "I wonder..."

The Sidcup branch was certainly easier to rob than most. It was situated in a new house, the lease of which had been bought cheap from a stationer who had been unsuccessful in his business, which stood in the back parlor, was of a very simple and ordinary kind.

On the other hand, the branch was not, as a rule, well guarded. It did not have the usual iron safe, and the very little that was kept in the vault was not in a particularly secure place.

On the following Wednesday, however, the branch would, for the first time in its history, be in a position to repay any burglar for his trouble. To meet the views of a particular depositor, in the company promoting business, who had given notice of withdrawal, there would be \$50,000 in the safe.

Mr. Julian Foster, like most bank managers, was good at arithmetic, and he put two and two together.

"Burglars," he reflected, "like policemen usually act upon information received, though heaven only knows where they get it from! If there's any idea of breaking into this bank, I think we may take it that the attempt will be made while that money is on the premises."

That very afternoon he began his preparations for giving the intruder a warm reception. As soon as banking hours were over he went up town and bought a revolver. It was a weapon he was used to, and he practiced sufficiently to satisfy himself that he retained a considerable skill with it. Then, by degrees, his plan of campaign developed itself.

"The simplest way, I suppose," he meditated, "would be to get the police to keep an extra lookout on Wednesday or I might get a special plain clothes officer down from headquarters. But where should I come in? The bank wouldn't give me a service of plate, with permission to follow, for that, and I should look a pretty fool if it turned out to be a false alarm."

So he took no one into his confidence, and thought out a scheme.

Wednesday came, and with it came the messenger from Louthbury with the gold—\$50,000 in up secured in leather bags. He helped Mr. Foster to lock them away in the safe, on the indignity of which he commented over a glass of sherry and a cigarette.

"I'm glad you noticed it," the manager replied. "You'll support my application for a better one. In the meantime, however, I've got this."

He brought the six shooter out of the drawer of the desk and showed that it was loaded.

Mr. Foster meditated till dinner time. He meditated over his chip and bread and cheese. He went on meditating over his whisky and water afterward.

"Gee—gee, there is enough gold there to stir any man's curiosity—the more especially as gold can't be traced. If any burglar knows about those sovereigns, that burglar will turn up tonight."

"Accidents will happen. Burglars aren't over scrupulous. Sometimes they work with six shooters, sometimes with chloroform pads. They might happen to overpower me, and then they would not have much difficulty with the safe. Perhaps for the moment the safe isn't really the best place to keep those bags of gold in."

He thought that matter out. The problem was a delicate one. Supposing the gold to be stolen, then, by any accident it could be proved that it had been stolen from any place except the safe, clearly it would be a very serious matter for him.

So midnight arrived before Mr. Foster, who had in the meantime been to his bedroom to put on a dressing gown and slippers, made up his mind what to do.

"By Jove I have it!" he exclaimed at last. "Heard if those beautiful ferry builders haven't left a plank loose in the floor! The very thing!"

Working as quietly as if he had been a burglar himself, he stripped back a bit of the ceiling, lifted the loose plank and slipped the ten bags of gold under-

(Continued on seventh page.)

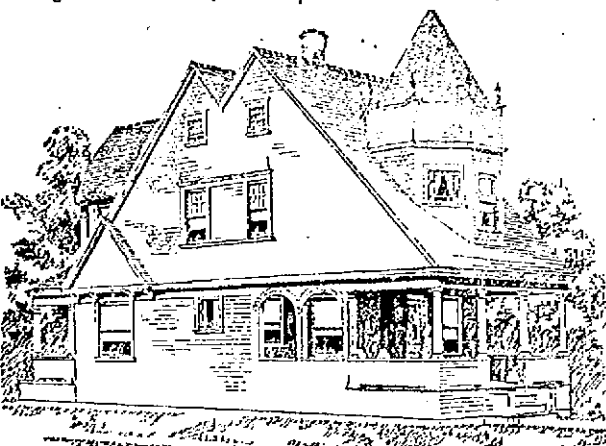
## A TWENTY FOOT HOUSE.

Crowded Suburbs.  
Copyright, 1899 by  
Charles Willard Leighton, Architect, N. Y. City.

This is the seventh in the series of ten illustrated articles now running in our edition, prepared especially for us by the well known architect, Mr. Charles Willard Leighton, who will be glad to furnish our readers the further information desired about architecture in general, or the designs illustrating these articles in particular. Address him at his office, 203 Broadway, N. Y. City.

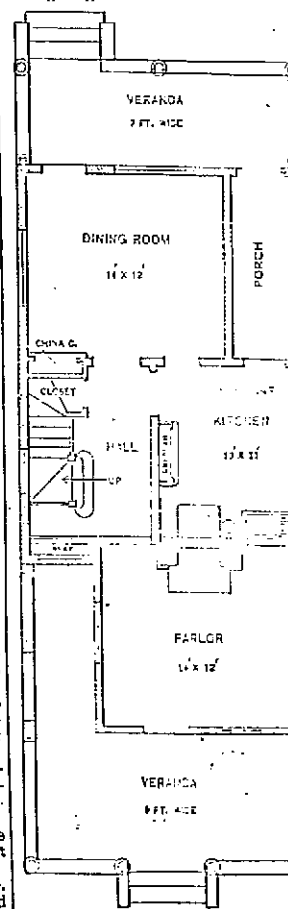
The Colonial and Queen Anne types combined make the most attractive suburban residences of low cost. The design illustrating this article you might call a type of this combination of architecture. As suburbs of large cities are built up and becoming crowded, you might say, the demand for houses that are narrower in frontage and deeper, rather than wide frontage, spreading over a good deal of ground, is steadily on the increase. A 25 foot, or even a 30 foot lot and would present an exceedingly attractive perspective if it was built as a double house; i. e., build one design as shown, then reverse the design and build another along side, the two to go on one fifty foot plot of ground.

The foundation is composed of six locust posts, upon which a 6x8 sill is placed and strapped to the posts. In placing posts of this kind in the ground, a part of the post where the earth is to be filled in around same should be tarred and the ground well tamped; the bottom of the post should be cut so as to sit square and plumb on large rough field stone, the larger the better. The veranda space of this house is ample; part of the rear veranda could be turned into a conservatory by placing temporary screens on end rails, which rails are shingled from the floor up.



PERSPECTIVE.

In entering, the main staircase presents an attractive feature. Under the arch leading from the parlor and hall and in the hall is a well planned staircase with two turns; a cozy seat with arch over it to front window. Rising three steps on the staircase we find a window of stained or leaded glass giving light to the hall and staircase and also a very pleasing effect. The parlor is bright and cheerful and has an open fireplace, flues for which answer for the range in the kitchen, a room well planned for the requirements necessary, having a portable range, with boiler at left side, giving the sink direct connection with hot water. The dining room is well lighted from the side and rear and has an entrance to the veranda through a glass door.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Special attention is called to the walls and ceilings of the parlor and dining room. Walls are covered with canvas and paper. The ceiling is treated in the same way. The canvases and paper, after being placed on the joists, 1 1/2" moulded strips are placed on the canvases and nailed to the beams to form panels of about two feet square on the ceiling. The wainscoting is panelled and is 6' 6" high leaving a space above, about 2' 6" for papering. This combination of paneling and wainscoting will appeal to every one with artistic tastes.

In addition to the complete novel, "Princess Nadine," by Christian Reid, in the May Lippincott's, there is a scholarly "Review of the Philippine Question," by John Foster Kirk, author of "Charles the Bold," a character sketch of "Philippe de Comines," by Emily Stone Whiteley; followed by interesting papers on "The American Foundation for Movement," by Edward Leigh Fell, and "Democracy and Suffrage," by M. L. S. The poetry of the month is contributed by Clarence Tracy, Edward Wilbur Mason, and Wilbur Larrimore. Among the short or fiction an unusually strong story, called "His Luck of Courage," by Adelaide Knapp, must be mentioned, while "Kate," by George William, and "Jaquesmole," by Edgar Maurice Smith, are well worth reading.

At a dinner table the other evening it was remarked that no one seemed to know the Christian name of the new president of the French republic. "We used to hear," said a guest, "of Jules Gravy, Casimir Perier, Sadi Carnot and Felix Faure, but no one seems to know the Christian name of M. Loubet."

"Oh, I know," said an ingenious young lady, anxious to enlighten the company. "I've read it several times. It's 'Compaque.'"—London Chronicle.

She—"How is it that you sometimes show such masculine energy, and again such womanly indecision?"

He—"I suppose it is a matter of inheritance. You see, half of my ancestors were men and half were women!"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

CASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of  
J. C. Watson

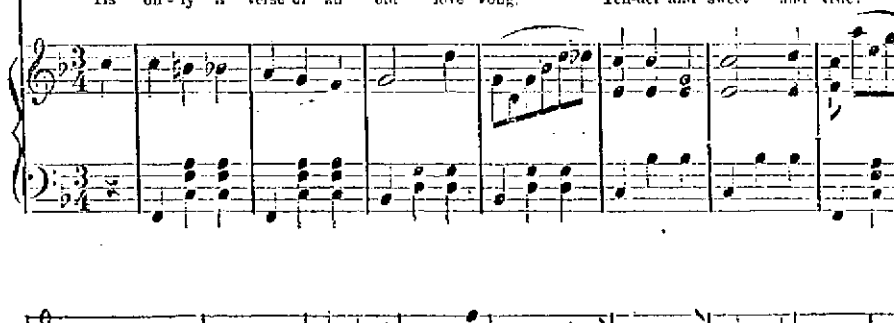
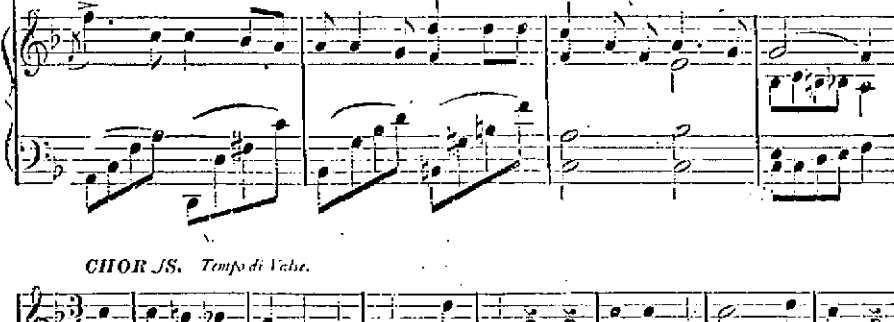
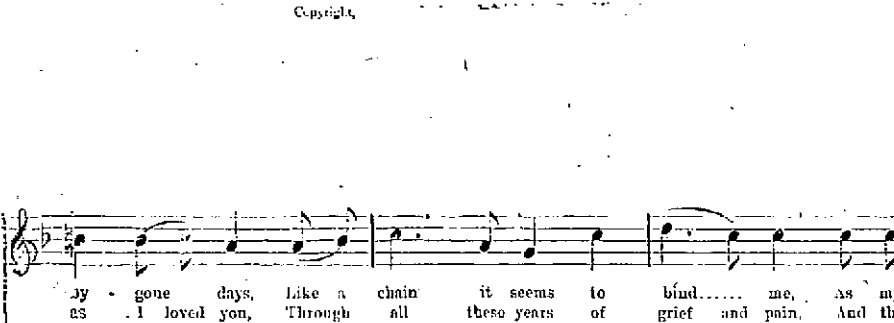
## THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

## BALLAD.

CLARENCE COHIV.

B. ROBINSON.

Moderato.



## INDUSTRIAL

## Trust Company,

49 Westminister Street,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000  
SURPLUS, 300,000

## PARTICIPATION ACCOUNT.

Deposits on or before May 15 draw interest from May 1. Dividends August and February.

This account offers the advantages of Savings Banks with the additional security of the capital stock of the Company.

Legal depositary for Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees, Etc.

SAMUEL P. COLT, President.  
J. M. ANDREWS, Vice President.  
CYRUS P. BROWN, Treasurer.  
WALDO M. PLACE, Secretary.

2-18

## Clothing.

## James P. Taylor,

189

Thames Street,

DEALER IN

## CLOTHING,

—AND—

## Gentlemen's

## Furnishing

## Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet &amp; Co's

## CLOTHING.

JOHN ALDERSON,

## MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET  
Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats.  
Specialty.  
Lives of every description made to order.

A NEW LINE OF

Reasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-28

## Special Bargains!

the next 30 days we offer our entire stock of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Farm For Sale!

AT JAMESTOWN.

\$2,000

3 Acres of land, good two-story and half house (two tenements), fine location on Main road, orchard, barn, and all for two thousand dollars.

—APPLY TO—

DANIEL WATSON, Sole Agent,

229 THAMES STREET.

## FARM

## BUILDINGS

INSURED AGAINST FIRE, ETC.

At Lowest Rates—Strong Companies

Whipple &amp; Son,

Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

28 BELLEVUE AVENUE.

DR. R. M. READ, Specialist  
for 20 years  
175 Tremont St., Boston.  
Send for Pamphlet. PISTULA

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Wind Colic, Teething Troubles and all Bowel Complaints. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

## PIANOS

TO RENT

For the Season

A Large Stock to select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER

CREAM WOOL AND LAIN, AT

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason &amp; Hamlin Organs.

210 THAMES ST

The Best is the Cheapest

The Diamond C

NAME,

SHOULDER,

AND

BACON

Approved from R. I. Park and Orono Club, Smoke, and are the Best.

For Sale at

COGGESHALL'S MARKET

244 Washington Square, and 13

Thames Street.

AN

Exceptional Opportunity.

An excellent little

UPPER GET PIANO

In good repair. \$112. \$112 down and \$2.00 per month. A \$120.00 will be made in cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

JOHN VARS,

128 Thames street.

### The Taking of Ho Ho.

One report has it that the action was brought on prematurely by the navy; but we had threatened that if we found the insurgents adding to their defenses we would open fire at once, and the threat had to be kept. As it is, we have told the natives so many things that we have not carried out that they think we are more in the habit of doing so than the Spanish. There is no doubt that it was for the best as it happened, for one of the English capitalists is actively for a rumor that the insurgents were perfecting arrangements for burning the whole town when we opened fire. The only thing to be regretted is that the foreigners, women and children, did not have a long enough chance to get out of the town, though most of the foragers had left the night before, going aboard the ships in the harbor; and, so far as can be learned, none of those remaining in the town were hurt, but they were thoroughly frightened.

Our hardest work was suppressing the looting of the town. The only man who during the day was a seaman in the Boston's party, who was shot in the head by a looter. The doctor who accompanied the party had filled his canteen with brandy and water before leaving the ship, so he gave the man a drink from it, and then kept down with his back to the man's face to examine the wound. While he was dressing the wound the man saw his opportunity and emptied the canteen. When he was taken on board ship he had to be carried, but it was not due to the wound.

One of the "nerviest" things of the day was a Filipino who in the afternoon, even after the army had occupied the place, began firing at the patrol with a rifle from one of the houses about five hundred yards from the ship. As his shots were falling close to the ship, a landing party had to be sent ashore to drive him out, but they did not succeed in capturing him.—Harper's Weekly.

"The Prices of Wares Tell me He will never again visit the United States," sighed Mr. Tady. "Is that so?" queried the Imperialist. "Well, I don't see how he is going to keep out of it, if we go on spreading it."—Life.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

The Joker—"I've got to get to work on a least joke."  
The Victim—"Tired of working off borrowed ones?"

**CATARRH**  
Bly's Cream Balm

Is such a remedy, cure CATARRH easily and pleasantly. Contains no mercury or any other injurious drug. It is purely vegetable. Gives relief at once. It opens and cleans the nasal passages. Alleviates inflammation. Heals and protects the membrane. Restores the sense of taste and smell. Regular size, 50 cents; Family Size, \$1.00. Prepared by ELY, RUTHERFORD, 35 Warren Street, New York.

**HEAD**  
Heals and protects the membrane. Restores the sense of taste and smell. Regular size, 50 cents; Family Size, \$1.00. Prepared by ELY, RUTHERFORD, 35 Warren Street, New York.

**John B. DeBlois & Son**  
Broadway Market.

**MEATS**  
and

**Groceries,**

**Poultry**  
Game,  
Vegetables

**Fruits**  
and  
Canned Goods

**No. 2 BROADWAY.**  
NEWPORT, R. I.

**None are better.**  
for sale by  
**Fernando Barker,**  
BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

**WALTER BAKER & CO'S**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
Costs less than One Cent a cup.  
Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.  
A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.**  
Established 1780.  
**DORCHESTER, MASS.**

### PERPLEXING HAWAII

AN ISLAND WHICH HAS NO NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST.

The Difficulty of Getting One's Bearings—Terms Used in Indicating the Different Sides of Streets—Are Official and Used in All Legal Documents.

Visitors to Honolulu are often perplexed to get the points of the compass fixed in their minds with reference to the streets and locations. They are still more perplexed to find nobody who knows them and nobody who feels the need of knowing them. To the visitor, especially from the Mississippi Valley, where the Congressional survey of public lands has laid out everything four-square, so that directions and distances are always thought of in their relation to north, south, east or west, this is incomprehensible.

But it does not take a very long residence there to learn that the points of the compass in the ordinary practical use, and the prevailing system of indicating locations and direction, adapted from that used by the native Hawaiians and continuing the use of their nomenclature, is a very practical one and well adapted to the conditions.

The islands are small and of volcanic origin. There is at least one main range of mountains on each island, though there may be subsidiary ones. As is well known, mountains do not run with special reference to the points of the compass. And the narrow valleys and the crowded-out of the volcanic mass and extending from the mountains to the sea bear still less appreciable relation to them. So that if one were to establish the points of the compass with relation to any one of these valleys a quarter of a mile would bring him to another, where he would have to take his bearings all afresh. But there are two objects he can never get out of sight. These are the mountain and the sea. And on this fact the basis both of the nomenclature and of the system of direction rests. With relation to any point the mountain and the sea are toward the mountain and toward the sea. Now, the native Hawaiian terms for these are "mauka" toward or in direction of the mountain, and "makai" toward or in direction of the sea.

The topography of the country, a series of valleys extending from the mountain to the sea, and the feudal tenure under which land was held in the ancient day, led to the division of the country into narrow strips, or districts—moku, as the larger were called; ahupua'a, the next smaller; and ali, the still smaller, but all with very few exceptions, extending from the seashore to the top of the mountain. In this way common people, restricted to their own hills, yet had access to the sea to fish and swim and ride the surf, and the mountains for the wood and building material, and to land between to cultivate taro. The boundaries of these districts were not carefully defined in time immemorial and remain the same to-day. Moreover, each district had its name, and that name remains.

With the mountain above and the sea below and the narrow districts in succession, each with its boundaries and name well defined, the basis of the system and nomenclature of direction was complete. A given point or object is "mauka" toward the mountain, or "makai" toward the sea, in relation to another object or point; and it is "mauka" or "makai" in the direction of the district of Ewa, for the other relations of direction.

So that in Honolulu, for instance, where no street runs north and south, or east and west, and few streets run straight in any direction for any great distance, no one speaks of the north or south side of the street—no one can; nor of the east and west sides. But every street has a mauka and makai side, or a waahili and ewa side. So a particular corner may be precisely and accurately described as the mauka-waahili corner, or the makai-ewa. These terms are not only colloquial, but official. They are used in contracts, deeds, wills and statutes. They suit conditions and have grown out of them.

"Dar's one of de smartest mules in dis city," announced the proud proprietor of an ash cart to one of his patrons. "He understan's eb'ry w'd I say, same like he was a person."

"Hardly, I guess. Tell him to go ahead a little."

"Get up, dar, Sunshine!" and the mule began to back.

"Look at that, now."

"Dar's what I'm telling you, boss. Ef dat mule don't understan' me, he ought to be knowin' to do de ob'stacle every time. He never miss since I had him, boss."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Strange Animal.**  
Devil's Island, made famous as the prison of Dreyfus, has a strange species of animal found nowhere else on earth. This odd animal has been called the coati, and is a peculiar combination of mammiferous, carnivorous plantigrade.

It is about the size of a cat when full grown, with a long head shaped like a pyramid, a tremendous nose, making it the cynosure of animals. The jaws are long, like those of the young alligator and it uses its forepaws to carry its food to the mouth, as monkeys and squirrels do.

### A Historic Shot.

At Saratoga, the turning-point of the American Revolution, the marksmanship of Morgan's riflemen virtually decided the battle. Several times during this engagement Colonel Morgan had noticed a noble-looking officer of the enemy, mounted upon a splendid gray horse, dashing from one end of the line to the other encouraging his troops. Morgan recognized the brave fellow as an officer whose conduct at the battle of the Clouds, in the month of September, 1777, had been commended by the Americans as a brave and skillful and dangerous leader than any of the other officers of the army. Morgan himself regarded the issue of the contest doubtful as long as Fraser remained in the saddle. Soon after the action commenced, General Arnold, who well knew Fraser's ability, sought out Morgan and said: "That officer upon the gray horse is a hot in himself. He must be disposed of. Direct the attention of some of your sharpshooters to him." Morgan's generous instincts rebelled, but he saw the necessity of performing the duty. "War," as Macaulay says, "is over-levered but where it is wicked." Selecting twelve of his best marksmen, he posted them in a suitable position, and pointing out the doer, he said: "It is a brave fellow, but he must die." Some of the riflemen climbed into trees to get better sight. Among them was Tim Murphy, a renowned scout from Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, who, by means of a double-barreled rifle, then a novelty, had been uncommonly successful in the Indian wars. The shot was very difficult, for the distance was a quarter of a mile, and the backwoods rifle had no telescopic sights. The riflemen raised their long pieces on the forks of limbs and began firing. In a moment the crupper of the gray horse was cut by a bullet. The next minute another ball passed through the horse's mane. An arrow remarked to Fraser: "Sir, it is evident that you are marked out for particular aim. Would it not be prudent for you to retire from this chase?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to do so. I am a soldier, and I must fight to the end."

The next instant a bullet from Murphy's rifle struck him through the body, and he was carried mortally wounded from the field.—Harper's Magazine.

**All Sorts.**

Bill—She said her face was her fortune. Jill—Poor thing!

"What's the most marked feature of a newspaper office?" "Why—er—the profits."

"I understand Grotz made his fortune out of a simple invention." "No. Out of a simple inventor."

"Here's benevolent assimilation for you," as the milkman remarked when he showed the can under the spout of the pump.

"When the antelope comes into general use," asked the cheerful idiot, "I want to know what is to become of the teaming millions."

"I wonder why it is so rare for a man to marry his first love?" "Generally because a woman of 35 has too much sense to marry a kid of 18."

"Junkies never laugh unless there's money in it." "You see old laugh at the theatre." "Of course he has to laugh there to get his money back."

Mrs. Timid—Did you ever find a man who had been burgled? Mrs. Bold—Yes; he was in the house, I found my husband there.

Wickwire—I have been carrying these letters of yours promiscuously to pay until they are almost worn out. Madge—Don't they make a miserable quality of paper nowadays?

Graham—By the way, when you were asked didn't you find it difficult talking French? Ryan—Not particularly. The greatest difficulty was to make the people understand it.

"Dreadful! That young man and his wife who seemed so much in love have been arrested as swindlers." "That proves their devotion you see. They were taken up with each other."

Her Papa—Why, you haven't even earned the money that is represented in the clothes upon your back. Mr. Sapbeddie—Well, what of it? If my tailor is easy why should it make you sad?

**A Beggar's Race With the Queen.**  
The St. John road is the favorite station of an old beggar, who solicits alms seated in a ramshackle wooden chair drawn by two dogs. This beggar, who is named "Old Beggar," has a habit of racing the queen's carriage when the two meet, as he majestically comes toward his dogs and waits. Immediately the two equipages were level the old man shouted to his team, and away they went at a mad pace down the hill, leaving the passerby and raising clouds of dust. Needless to say, the dogs won, as usual, and the patriotic mendicant received his customary reward, the queen and ladies in attendance laughing heartily. This is the third year that he has raced his dogs against the royal state, and has been on each occasion graciously noticed by her majesty, to his intense delight.—St. James' Gazette.

On one occasion Edwin Booth was standing in the wings, when an imperator, who had been giving imitations of notes actors, was about to respond to an encore. "Whom do you imitate next?" "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy; but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it." "Suppose I imitate myself!" remarked the tragedian, and hastily putting on the other actor's wig, and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well-known lines. The next morning a newspaper stated that the imitation ruined the performance. The personation of Edwin Booth being slightly enough to make that actor shudder had been it.

Some men who are over cautious in taking risks in business are terribly reckless in giving credit ratings to their wives.

### \$50,000 IN GOLD.

(Continued from sixth page.)

wealth it, one after the other; then after judiciously driving in little wedges which he cut from the firewood he made the plank tighter than it had been before and once more fastened the felted neatly over it.

"Now Mr. Bargar," he said, "everything's ready. I'll tell you my hiding place and wait for you."

As the front of the bank faced the street, there was no probability of burglars entering that way. They would come over the garden wall and through the kitchen. So Mr. Foster withdrew into the bank itself and watched developments which he had noted in the door with a quiet eye.

The hours dragged on, trying his patience sorely. It must have been between 3 and 4 in the morning when a slight noise, which obviously was neither the rattling of a window nor the snoring of the housekeeper, arrested his attention. The door by which the bank parlor communicated with the private part of the house was being tried.

In a minute or two the lock was forced and two men entered. Both of them were masked, and one of them carried a lit box of tools.

It was too dark for him to observe their methods with exactitude. So far as he could judge, they forced the lock gradually by driving in five plates of steel to act as wedges until at last the stony could be inserted and the proper leverage brought to bear.

The process took about 40 minutes. At the end of that time the door of the strong box was open, and the thieves were pulling all sorts of papers out of it in their eager quest for bags of gold. The psychological moment had arrived.

"What is that?" Mr. Foster exclaimed and burst in upon them, firing as he came.

One of the men fired back at him, and for ten seconds or so there was a quick exchange of shots in the half light. When it had ceased and Mr. Foster's screams from the top window had brought the constables, one of the burglars lay stretched out with a broken leg before the violated safe. The other had escaped over the garden wall, leaving a trail of blood behind him, while the bank manager himself had a great cheek and a nasty flesh wound in the shoulder.

The doctor, following hard on the heels of the policeman, dressed his wounds and assured him that they were not serious. He pulled himself together and gave his version of the story.

"I was too late—too late; the other chap got away. He carried off \$50,000. It's all the bank's fault for having such a silly safe."

"Ah, well," said the doctor philosophically, "the \$50,000 won't break the London and Lancashire in fact, speaking as shareholders, I shouldn't wonder if the directors found they got a bit over to do something for you. They ought to, anyhow."

And they did. They paid Mr. Foster's doctor's bill, and they gave him the service of plate which he had promised himself, and then expressed their greatest regret when, five months after, he announced his intention of retiring from their employment on the ground that "a fortunate speculation had released him from the necessity of working for his living."—London Answers.

**A Quaker Old General.**  
March 31. Arnold, the first commander of the French army in the Crimea, was, to tell a comic story, about an old general who had been so much in the wars that he wore a false leg and a sham arm.

His soldier valet having been killed in a battle, the battered veteran asked St. Arnold to get him another—a youth, not an old man. So St. Arnold brought him a recruit.

The first time the general addressed him he bade the new recruit pull off his coat, presenting the shelled arm at the same time. As he pulled his mas to the back, the recruit, who was a young back, horror-stricken.

Then the general bade him pull off his trousers. This time it was the stuffed leg that came off, the valet reeling to the wall with the vigor of his pull.

"And now," quoth the general, "take off my wig." "Pardieu, general," he said, "your head will come off in my hands."

Little Tommy and his youngest sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs, when Tommy, after vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked: "Is it possible for a gentleman to proceed a lady when he has to walk in single file?" "No," replied the mother, "the lady should always take the lead." "I thought so," said Tommy delightedly; "go ahead, Sue."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Nautical.**  
"Every timber that goes into the ship defender Columbia is picked stock, without a flaw in it."

"That so? And yet we all hope she's full of knots!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**New York Surprised Film.**  
A young Frenchman, wealthy, educated, and of an investigating turn of mind, departed for home a few days ago, taking with him some remarkable impressions of New York. He spent two weeks in this city, and having some excellent letters of introduction, he met many persons well qualified to show him the sights of the American metropolis. Although an experienced traveler in European lands, this young Frenchman had never before been in the United States, and he frankly admitted that objects were presented to his view here such as he never saw before. Being impressionable, he naturally fell a victim of the inexpressible New York practical joker.

The tall office buildings astonished this visitor, and, after luncheon one day on the thirty-sixth floor (as he believed) of one of them, he readily swallowed the yarn that vegetables and poultry were raised on the roof, because it would cost too much to get them at the markets.

While riding up Broadway with a sagittarius friend a few days before, he went into a police station and asked of a team curling up from a manhole. "What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is one of the vents of the public radiator," was the reply.

"Public radiator?" exclaimed the Frenchman. "You don't mean to tell me that the streets here are heated by steam?"

"Certainly, in cold weather," was the unhesitating answer. "Don't you feel warm and comfortable?"

"Indeed, I do," responded the Frenchman enthusiastically. "But I never heard of such a thing as heating the streets of a great city. Well, well, New York certainly does beat the world."—New York Times.

The first time a man loves he seeks to gain happiness; the second time, to avoid pain; after that, just to love.

**For Over Twenty Years.**  
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It cures Colic, Wind, Flatulence, and all the other troubles of infants. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases. It is sold in every drug store, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases. It is sold in every drug store, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases.

### New York Surprised Film.

A young Frenchman, wealthy, educated, and of an investigating turn of mind, departed for home a few days ago, taking with him some remarkable impressions of New York. He spent two weeks in this city, and having some excellent letters of introduction, he met many persons well qualified to show him the sights of the American metropolis. Although an experienced traveler in European lands, this young Frenchman had never before been in the United States, and he frankly admitted that objects were presented to his view here such as he never saw before. Being impressionable, he naturally fell a victim of the inexpressible New York practical joker.

The tall office buildings astonished this visitor, and, after luncheon one day on the thirty-sixth floor (as he believed) of one of them, he readily swallowed the yarn that vegetables and poultry were raised on the roof, because it would cost too much to get them at the markets.

While riding up Broadway with a sagittarius friend a few days before, he went into a police station and asked of a team curling up from a manhole. "What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is one of the vents of the public radiator," was the reply.

"Public radiator?" exclaimed the Frenchman. "You don't mean to tell me that the streets here are heated by steam?"

"Certainly, in cold weather," was the unhesitating answer. "Don't you feel warm and comfortable?"

"Indeed, I do," responded the Frenchman enthusiastically. "But I never heard of such a thing as heating the streets of a great city. Well, well, New York certainly does beat the world."—New York Times.

The first time a man loves he seeks to gain happiness; the second time, to avoid pain; after that, just to love.

**For Over Twenty Years.**  
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It cures Colic, Wind, Flatulence, and all the other troubles of infants. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases. It is sold in every drug store, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases.

We are anxious to make a living where we can, and we are not going to let you down.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

There are no gluttons made that will hide their status.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weeds and Belladonna Backache Masters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

In putting your virtues, be sure and give us your views.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Masters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular pills in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, or the other troubles of the back, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, and all the other troubles of the stomach, the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Masters. Price 25 cents.

Don't cover your neglected duties with the cloak of excuse.

Chronicle Nal Catarrh polios every breath that is drawn into the lungs. There is no cure for this disease. A small quantity of Eye's Cream Balm placed into the nostrils spreads over an inflamed and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation, clearing the nasal passages, and in a few days the nasal mucus is completely cured. Sold by druggists, or will be mailed for 50 cents by E. J. Broderick, 35 Warren Street, New York.

No man can discover new lands, without piling out to sea.

Dr. Hall's Cough Syrup should be kept in every household. It is the best remedy for cough, cold, and all the other troubles of the throat. It is sold in every drug store, and is the only one that will cure the most stubborn cases.

The struggle with one task is the strength-giving for the next.

**A Superfluous.**  
You Bummer—I am afraid we haven't much for dinner, but such as it is—Chicken—Don't make any excuses, old man. Remember that I've dined at your house before.—Detroit Free Press.

**When Engaged.**  
He—Was your brother engaged in the late war?  
She—No; not until after he came home.—Yorkshire Statesman.

# Going to Build?

ON RECEIPT OF \$1.00  
(Stating price of House you are thinking of Building),  
we will send postage paid our latest Books size  
11x15 inches containing

## 50 NEW BUILDING DESIGNS

of the Cost you want, to study and make selections from.

# 50 NEW BUILDING DESIGNS FOR \$1.

Established 1877.  
Oldest, Largest and Leading Architectural Association in the United States.  
Publishers—  
"SHOPP'S MODERN HOUSES."  
17,000 Homes erected from our Plans in 22 years.  
75,000 Books on Modern Low Cost Houses sold annually.  
SOLE ARCHITECTS  
GUARANTEEING THEIR ESTIMATES  
HAVE YOU READ MR. LIGNON'S  
ARTICLES ON ARCHITECTURE  
RUNNING WEEKLY IN THIS  
PAPER?

Each design is new and up-to-date and is shown in large perspective views (size 6x9 inches), together with floor plans giving size and arrangement of rooms. Full description, width and depth of house, heights of stories, exterior and interior materials and finish, suggestions and selections for colors in painting, accommodations, feasible modifications, etc., etc., and

### GUARANTEED COST TO BUILD.

Working plans, specifications, detail drawings, etc., also furnished for any design you select. Special designs prepared after your own rough sketches and memoranda if desired.

**Returnable and Money Refunded** if found unsatisfactory  
**CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASS'N,**

ADDRESS, ARCHITECTS,  
Mentioning this Paper,  
203 Broadway, N. Y. City, N. Y.

### SAFEGUARD OF THE NATION



### CHOCOLATE COATED

PACKED IN GELATINE CASE WILL NOT BREAK.  
SURE CURE FOR

### Dyspepsia

PURELY VEGETABLE LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

### CO. STIPATION

10c. A PACKAGE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT SELL THEM, TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE BUT SEND 10c. FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE OF 12 TO U.S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO. 17-1435 NEW YORK



